

RISE



April 1968

PULSE

Volume 5, No. 5

April 1968

PULSE is the literary product of the students of Xavier Hall, Saint Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana, published whenever they get enough material to make it worth printing. PULSE aims to spread the news, opinion and humor of Mongieville to the students themselves and to all its readers. Yearly subscription, \$1.25

When the Lord brought back the captives of Sion,
we were like men dreaming.

Then our mouths were filled with laughter,
and our tongues with rejoicing.

Then they said among the nations,
"The Lord has done great things for them."
The Lord has done great things for us;
we are glad indeed.

From Psalm 125

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The monthly column, "Did You Know..." does not appear in this issue. A continuation of Xavier Hall's history from 1950 until the present had originally been planned but lack of information made it quite impossible.

REC ROOM PANELLED

During recent months a few changes have taken place in the renovation of Xavier Hall. The first major operation in this long and hard task was the "paint-in" held last August. At that time the whole hall was given a new look with the fresh paint.

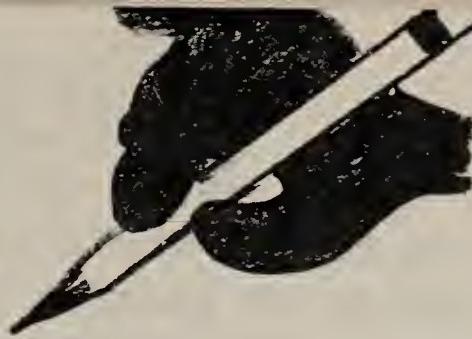
Late last fall it was discovered that the outer perimeter of Xavier looked bare and desolate. To remedy this the Nursery Gang planted several shrubs around the hall. Also some new grass was planted.

The latest renovation has been the panelling of the TV-Rec room. Permission was attained and the Walnut panelling was purchased. With the completion of the rec-room another dream of the students in Xavier has come true.

The students of Xavier would like to thank Mr. Smith, Mike's father, for the time and effort he put into supervising and working in the rec-room.



EDITORIAL



As potential priests and civic leaders in the moving world of the future, each of us needs a deep-rooted culture and genera; knwoledge about a lot of different subjects. We can encourage debelopment of this kind in ourselves by listening to the ideas of others and by discussing their ideas. In this manner we prepare ourselves for the formation of our own ideals, which we will carry through life. A person who neglects to spend a little of his time for cultural advancement can only blame himself when he becomes a "conversation dropout," thus failing to gain any influence with others.

Here at Saint Joseph's the opportunities for the pursuit of culture are numerous. Movies, plays, club meetings, lectures and discussions on controversial topics are being continuallu offered as a necessary part of a collegiate training. Here is where the advantage of a small campus is realized. A person is not restricted to listening, but he is able to participate in plays, discussions and concerts.

More often than not, events such as these are enjoyable. Certainly they ate always fruitful. The college pays a huge sum of money to attract leaders of various social movements and to show movies and produce plays on campus. Almost all of these are offered free to the students. Why? Merely because the administration of Saint Joseph's wants to send their graduates away cultured and ready to face contemporary reality.

(continued on next page)

STAFF

Editor.....	Pete King
Assistant Editor.....	Steve Nett
Production Manger.....	Bert Woolson
Assistant Production Manager.....	Mike Ploetz
Artist.....	Dan Glazier
Lithographer.....	Frank Pritz
Photographers.....	Brandel and Hofstetter
Business Manager.....	Henry Winter
Typists.....	Basile, Brown, Longsworth , John Hoying, Shea, Smith
Moderator.....	Rev. James P. Mckay, C.PP.S.

Yet many of us here in Xavier Hall and all around the campus would rather waste their time watching television or playing pool. The opportunity and the necessity for becoming informed leaders, instead of ignorant followers, is handed to us on a silver platter. Why waste it? PK

* * * * *

As I was paging through the Clients' Service Bulletin which is part of my daily reading material I happened to notice an interesting article, which can easily be applied to each of our lives. Here are some excerpts from that atricle entitled, "A Time for Contemplation."

"Few men in America today, bound on a hunting excursion, a stroll in the woods, or a family picnic, take along the folding tin cup that was their grandfathers' standard equipment for such a jaunt. Is it possible that regular periods of contemplation in a man's life have become as old-fashioned and out of mind as that folding cup which was used to dip into a stream for a refreshing drink of clear cold water?

"Although a man of action is of vital importance to the success of any undertaking, and although Thomas Huxley reminds us that 'the end of life is not knowledge but action,' the thoroughly wise decision for action can only be entirely successful after a rigorous period of slow, gradual and leisurely contemplation. Man is the most pliable of animals, the one more than any other who can discipline himself to make the necessary alterations in his character that will enable him to discover the most powerful and perceptive ways of reaching a workable and unimpeachable solution to the difficulties that beset the honest discharge of his responsibilities.

"It will be disastrous if, amid the world's constant clamor for action, we and our leaders devote but little time for contemplation --- to the kind of thinking that is bold and fearless --- not second-hand thinking which makes it so easy for one to think along lines that have all too often met disastrous failure in the past. It is this second-hand thinking, which permits a man to find it easier to adopt the thoughts of others than to think for himself that leads him almost inevitably into a refusal to learn from experience and to the repetition of his errors and failures."

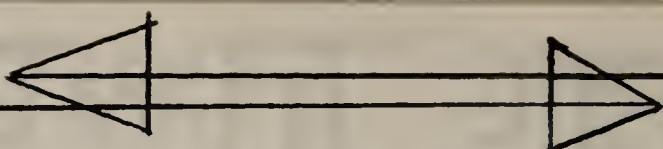
SURREALISTIC TIDBITS

from the
Haight-Ashbury Desk
in the 6th yr Study Hall

Once again it is time to slip from reality into the fantasy of this psychedelic experience of nothingness. Here you shall find the latest event of our life at Xavier presented in an unusually chaotic mess, as they are in everyday life.

"Aria da Capo" The fine arts side of our cultural development has had many chances to blow its cool lately. On March 14 there was a two piano concert given by Dr. and Mrs. Egan in the auditorium. The concert contained a piece of music from the last four centuries and was very well performed. What? The following two nights saw another production of the S.J.C. Speech Department. "Aria da Capo" and the "Boor" were presented on the same night. Both plays were one act long. The former was a trajicomedy filled with symbolism. the "Boor" was a delightful comedy. On the Twenty-first of March, the Fine Arts Series presented the Indiana University Chamber Singers. This highly skilled group sang selections of music from the eighteenth and twentieth centuries. The group also brought along their two manual harpsichord which made the production very interesting. this weekend we are involved with a foreign film festival highlighting the films of Ingmar Bergman. The three films are very interesting and are followed by discussions of the themes and techniques.

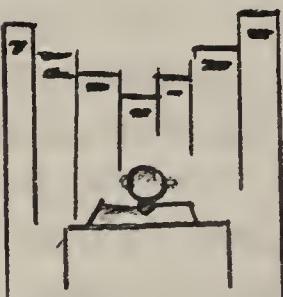




On the lighter side of the fine arts, there was the infamous piano recital on the evening of the eighteenth. Many of the Xavier boys were involved. We were thrilled by the sight of Jeff Werner playing "Home on the Range," and transported into ecstasy by Bill O'Donnell's rendition of the "Blue Bells of Scotland." Jack Sowar also did very well, and so did Bill Stechschulte in his own revised version of an "Etude." All in all, the evening was quite an experience in one way or another.



On the afternoon and the evening of March twenty-third and the next morning, the whole hall resounded with the happy sounds of hammers. After one settled down from the fright of thinking the hall was falling in, he could walk in the recreation room and see the new paneling being put up. We would sincerely like to thank Mike Smith's father for spending a weekend of his time in directing the work. It really improves the look of the recreation room. The job presently is not quite finished, but well on its way to being completed. It should be done long before the new hall at any rate.



In these new days of the modern church all of the old standards are changing. There is a new emphasis on interpersonal communication which has led to a greater participation in the liturgy by the faithful. Now Saint Joseph's is contributing to this vast movement with its very own innovation: the dialogue benediction. There was much planning involved to make this great change possible. I do think that George Blackney and Father Ranly gave it a fine bloody go on the trial run, but there are still complications to be worked out.

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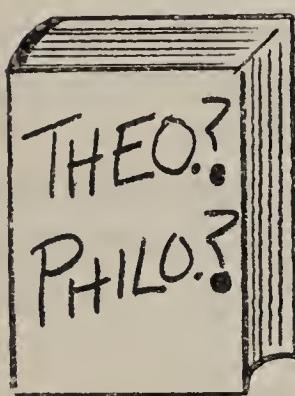
The whole hall would like to congratulate Steve Nett for winning third place in a speech contest in the illustrious state of Indiana. Did you give the speech in the native Hoosier picklehead dialect to be understood by the judges, or did they have someone there to translate your English for them into pickle-headeneese?





THE "TIDBIT" At Work

Xavier Hall recently had another meeting with our provincial. This time the discussion was about the novitiate, although some mention of the work program entered, but was floored because of the great emotional involvement of the students. The novitiate question has caused many Xavierites to express their views privately and in a public manner. After listening to both sides and reading the letters of both sides, I think I can make an unbiased decision in favor of the minority. I thought their letter was extremely well written, etc., etc... .

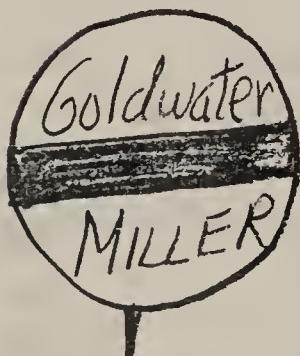


For all those who didn't know it, the faculty of St. Joseph's is currently undertaking a study to change or update the present general education requirements. I was invited to sit in on the last meeting on this subject. Although the faculty representation at the meeting was small, the meeting did bring up many interesting points about education in a Catholic college. The faculty would also appreciate students' comments on the present general education courses. If you have any complaints or praises of your courses, now you have a chance to bring them out into the open instead of yelling down in the locker rows.

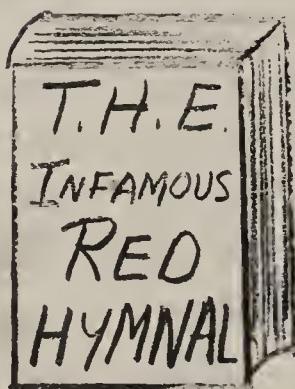
Jow has advanced up the ladder of "hard guys" at St. Joe's since Brother Larry has gone to Carthagena. We will all miss the cheerful smirk with which Brother yelled at us. Good luck at Saint Charles. Do you really want to start a parish at Churchill Downs, Brother?

**SAVUTE
TO A
PROF.**

Right about here I should start cutting Father Fitzgerald, since I have done it in all past articles. But we all know that ID is a lovable, warm and friendly professor. Yes, I really think we have shaped you up since you came here, Father. I still remember those first delightful classes in Christian Antiquities, which were really unique. But now you have become just like any other prof on campus, since you make just as much (or little) sense as the rest of them. I can still hear you say at the beginning of the second semester in History of the Old Testament, "This is a continuous course from the last semester. We are now ready to start chapter two." We salute you Father Fitzgerald, as the future teacher of the year, if you last that long.



The current political race in the nation has brought much controversy to Xavier Hall. The McCarthy supporters seem very loyal and hate the Kennedy supporters. The Kennedy supporters are very loyal and love everybody. Steckie and Hugh Henderson are backing George Wallace with new invigoration. Ploetz is one of the few followers of the grand old LBJ. Greer is pushing Goldwater since he offered Jim a permanent job. Jim Ballmann wants to vote for Father John Byrne. We are lucky there are only a few in the hall who are old enough to vote. We can all rest assured since we know that the future of our nation is in the hands of John Hohman.



The sudden advent and the retreat of the infamous red hymnals has left all of us trembling. The songs in the book were very modern and meaningful. Where else can one sing about the virgins tripping among the flowers as the dawn breaks, and the sweet angels sitting in their pink robes in the blue clouds of heaven? Only in church can one sing like this and not get arrested or carried away by the men in white coats. Were you there when they carried out the red books? Sometimes it causes me to tremble...tremble...tremble...

Now for the local news briefs...

...I am supposed to say something about Richina and Kansas City, but I forgot what her name is. If this is serious, Rich, write Ann Landers or Mike Smith.

...Alan Hartway, alias Fat Albert, got a D in a philosophy test. Ripley didn't believe it. Neither did Al. Just stick to belly dancing and if you would quit contemplating your jeweled naval you wouldn't need philosophy anyway. That is for people like Peter Shea the Hermit.

...We have been having troubles communicating with various members of the hall. Field and Kroger won't speak to anyone not wearing a veil. Then on the other hand, Greer speaks to everyone regardless of race or creed. What we have here is a failure to communicate

...I would like to make it known to all in the hall that John Hoying was not in studyhall the evening of March 23. What would Brother Norbert say? I think John is becoming corrupt, but then again, he does sit near Ron Hoying in the studyhall.

...The PULSE is spreading in circulation all over the campus. Merlini Hall got hold of a copy and the immediate best seller was Michael Hicks' story of the grotto. Needless to say, I cannot print the comments they made since they were not praying for purity at the time they uttered them.

...I would like to remind Jim Langenkamp of the first commandment. Don May is not the second person of the Trinity. Nor is the Kalida Basketball team, Brother Leo. While on the subject of sports, I would like to present Mike Hicks with the WHAAP of the month for predicting Kentucky over Ohio State.

...John Waymire now owns the controlling stock in the "X." With his unpaid bill of eight dollars, he is forcing the establishment to meet his demands. But look out, Waymire. Minnesota Hagan and Jerry Schiek (from the land of the famous Schiek resort) are moving in fast.

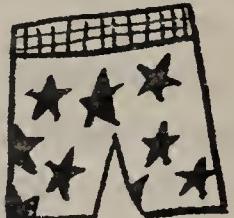
WANTED —
WAYMIRE, HAGAN, SCHIEK
—No reward—

...King, illustrious editor, what is this I hear about a flying hog? Are you sure it wasn't Smurd trying to find a faster way to Schwieterman Hall?

Well, it is time to end another column and prepare it to go through the unmerciful hands of the editor. Remember, blessed are the novitiate-after-four-years-makers, and the Brunnerdale-keepers, for theirs is the kingdom of the Cincinnati province. This has been an uncalled for political announcement.

Michel Craig

d.m.u. briefs



B-7...N-42..."I win! I win!" somebody way in the back screams, amid the boos, hisses, boo-hoos, and heees, he stumbles toward the front. Watch out for that tongue slik, men! Oops, there he goes. (Those black gymmers just aren't any good on tongue slicks.) With a little aid from some non-bitter fellow Mongies he makes it up front to get his prize.

What's going on? Well, it's the scene of the annual or biannual, (or whenever somebody gets into gear) D.M.U. bingo party. Its been several weeks since this happening took place, but everyone there can remember it as a wonderful time. Included in that number were most of the Mongies and the B.P.'s, a good number of Super-Mongies, and several priests and sisters.

Thanks to the generosity of many of the Fathers and Brothers here on campus, we were supplied with plenty of excellent prizes including a transistor radio, shavers, cash prizes, mouse traps --- you name it. With all those fanatical gamblers who bought bingo cards like they'd never play again, we made quite a bundle of cash, most of which will go to our own C.P.P.S. missions in Chile and Peru.

In all, it was a very fine get-together and a lot of fun. To all of you who donated gifts, and helped out. Thanks very much.

Jim Burnett

be it ever so

—Barren—

It's a strange sight. What was once filled with altars, statues, and other religious objects is now empty. You may have already guessed what I am talking about. Yes, it's our chapel.

In the fury of Vatican II, our chapel was destroyed. No, not by natural forces, but by man. Man, for some strange reason, has seen fit to take away everything and leave God's house barren.

In this whirlwind of disaster, we seminarians and B.P.'s must attend daily Mass and offer our prayers to Almighty God. It's very hard to pray in the building now used. True, God is still there, but a pleasant surrounding makes the mind and body turn to God more easily.

We don't need another St Charles to do this. However, it sure would help if we had a fresh coat of paint on the walls, instead of what we have now.

It's disgraceful and a

bad mark on a Catholic College that we must have Mass in the fieldhouse, Halleck Center Ballroom, and in the Holy Spirit Chapel in the infirmary basement. The strange thing about this is that in olden days, people were proud to show off their house of worship, but not St. Joseph's College.

God can sit on a split altar with plaster falling from the ceiling, and the organ so far gone that the only place it should be is in the dump.

I don't want to sound bitter, but I wish that proper motives would make people place first things first.

If Christ were living today, I think he might be marching outside our chapel with a sign reading "Unfair Housing!"

Let's get down to business and give God the splendor and glory He deserves, not tomorrow, but today.

Mike Ruthenberg

...If you lined up all the B.P.'s on the road outside of campus, you would probably be picked up for littering.

...George Blackney and Father Ranly have formed a new singing duo --- to protest each other.

...John "Beaker" Hohman does not really inhale his cigarettes; he only smokes to blow smoke in other people's faces.

... "Twiggy" FEY "Dunaway" has not been spoiled by fame- he'll still play guitar in the locker rows, but only if he is on national T.V.

...Mike "I've never said a dirty word in my whole life" Kanaby has been nominated for the "Holiest Seminarian of the Month," but he is expected to receive tough competition from John "Holier-than-thou" Waymire.

...Dan "Scorch" Glazier can understand most of the words to any song, except those of an instrumental piece.

...The "Brick" McBride versus Jeff "Steel girders can't hurt my head" Werner fight had to be postponed because of Brick's primitive attire, which was found not to be suitable for daytime television viewing.

...Kroga Yoga class (founded by Dave Kroger) is coached by Gary Elliott with his theory of meditative maturity.

...Bill "Silver Throat" O'Donnell predicts an "A" in speech, because of his mastery in the arts of fluency and longevity.

...Al Hartway is contemplating a possibility of giving a demonstrative speech on "How to roll your belly" for Mrs. Easley's speech class -- Roll it to me, Ali..

...Ben Alba loves to serenade the people coming to chapel on Sunday.

...Steve Nett could "look five pounds thinner" but you wouldn't be able to see him.

...When Father McKay puts up an extra study-hall list, Glen Brandel signs "first time every time."

...Rich Richina has recently been receiving a "handshake instead of a kiss."

from the files of Ben Alba & T. Fey

LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Although Mr. Hicks did point out a problem in his article in the last issue of PULSE (A Sacred Place---Desecrated), I believe he greatly over-emphasized the problem.

The grotto is not a constant passion pit or a lust palace as he might make it out to be.

I am sure not too many of us here at Xavier have a problem of "stepping over sinners in order to pray for purity." I am also equally sure that Mr. Hicks need not remind our secular friends of their challenge to ingenuity in developing "some method by which he could warm himself and his partner."

Name Withheld by Request

Dear Editor Pete,

After reading and re-reading the latest issue of PULSE, I feel that I must include it on my regular reading list; i.e., the Berkeley Barb, the Oracle, The Haight-Ashbury Tribune, and Grit.

Naturally, I immediately turned to the "Pig's Pen" column upon receiving PULSE to see what was happening in Xavier Hall. I must congratulate Mike "Smurd Sow" Smith and Ed "Porky" Feicht for their first great "attempt" this semester.

I was pretty upset when I noticed that fellow-Kansan (God, help me!) was not included in the Baldy Hall of Fame. Don't tell Pritz I said anything about anything!

So, to keep a short letter short, I am eagerly awaiting the next issue of PULSE, and seem to be enjoying it as much as I did before I "...left your community and joined the ranks of forgotten seminarians."

Greg "Seel" Seely

My Dear Mr. King,

Last August ('67) I received my first look at the backwoods of Indiana, Saint Joseph's College, Xavier Hall, and the college chapel. Two things in particular impressed me about the chapel: 1) there was a lot more room in the pews here than at Brunnerdale, and 2) there were large unpainted blotches on the front walls of chapel, which were evidently caused by the recent removal of statues and side altars.

(Letters, cont.)

Now in March of '68 there is even more room in the pews and the ugly blotches are still there. In August of '67 I was under the impression that I had arrived the week before the walls were to be painted. But that was before I had become acquainted with the speedy and pragmatic way that things are accomplished at Saint Joe's.

It seems that the new residential building, costing hundreds of dollars, which was to be completed by last fall, will be finished before the temporary disfigurement of our chapel is corrected. And what is needed to fix up the chapel?--Just Scrode, Jow, a paintbrush and a can of paint the same color as the Ohio River (which belongs to Kentucky.)

I spend a lot of time in chapel staring at the walls. It occurred to me the other night at benediction that the only way to get the wall painted is for someone to draw swastikas and obscenities all over them. Then it would be repainted immediately within a matter of months. I could draw the swastikas but Dirty Hall would have to write the obscenities.

Even the secular students have taken note of it, so you know it must be an eyesore from even the last three pews. In the February 22nd issue of STUFF, PULSE's traditional rival, columnist Phil Deaver, of iron tree fame, had this to say...

"But in some churches and chapels when they take out the statues, unpainted places on the walls are revealed. And when you bring guests to these churches and chapels and the guests see the unpainted places on the walls where the statues used to be, they laugh out loud right during Mass."

I personally am not in the habit of laughing out loud during Mass, especially since I sit next to Jake the Bull, who admittedly is the only one in the community "worthy that You should come unto my roof." Nor do I believe that this is a laughing matter.

The people in my parish at home would never put up with such a mess in church for so long a time, and we use our place of worship about 14 times as often as they use theirs. And I cannot be convinced that this is because I come from a non-Precious Blood parish, so that we are more particular.

So I terminate this epistle with a threat. Whoever's responsible for keeping the walls of our chapel painted like the Ohio River had better get up off his osmosis and instigate, or Dirty Hall and myself will be forced to mobolize

Sincerely yours,

DIRECTOR OF CIVIL WHITES

Michael P. Ploetz

* * * *

Dear Editor,

Please put in a plug for my new book, The Dynamics of Linguo-Metrics, in your next PULSE. Reading my tried and proven methods may be helpful to some students before the semester reports come out. I hope to add one chapter to this veritable masterpiece after I finish my extra credit depth study of Greek composition techniques, and another chapter after I single-handedly sway the legislation at the upcoming Business Chapter.

Respectfully yours,
Michael Smith
Written by,
RUBY NETT

Dear Editor,

As a former student at B-Dale (Class of '65), I greatly enjoyed reading February's issue of PULSE. Reading it gave me the opportunity to recall (with much joy) the people that I knew from my years at B-

dale. It was also nice to find out, through the many very well written articles, that those same people have not changed too much. The magazine presents a good picture of what is happening at Xavier Hall. Once again, I enjoyed reading PULSE, and I look forward to reading future issues. Keep up the good work!
L/CPL. John G. Hoffbauer, Jr
U.S.M.C.

Dear Editor,

I feel that my freedom of expression at Xavier Hall is being unfairly jeopardized. Certainly you have heard about and do not object to children taking teddy bears to bed or seminarians keeping crucifixes on their pillows. Well, I just happen to enjoy the security of having a plunger nearby. Please tell me what possible objections you can have to that?

Richard Longsworth
Written by,
DEMOSTHENES NETT

I'VE GOT A HUNCH

There is a small group of men who have a distinct heritage to fulfill; keeping people on time. This group is not the watchmakers, or the telephone answering service; no, this task is carried on by none other than the hunchbacks throughout the world who are poised ready in their bell towers watching their seventeen jewel Bulova waiting for the hour to come so they can begin work. Their heritage began with the daring Quasi Modo, the famous hunchback bell ringer of Notre Dame. Here is how it all began.

Before Mr. Modo flunked out of Notre Dame (Paris extension) he had tried his hand in various fields of athletic activity. After observing Notre Dame go down to defeat time and time again in basketball, Quasi decided he would try out for the team. There was not a big crowd at the tryouts, only six, so he made it to the final draft. It was here that the coach took him aside and said, "Quasi, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you're too short for the team; and besides, you have a flat right foot." Shot down but still undaunted, Quasi waited until football season came to again prove to himself that he had what it takes. Struggling through workout after workout, with practices on end, Quasi tried his utmost to get himself into condition. Finally, the team received their equipment: helmets, cletes, etc., and began practicing in full regalia. Quasi, playing defensive linebacker, was performing an outstanding job blocking and tackling to his utmost. However he received the insult of his life when the coach came up to him and said, "Quasi, you've got a good hustle, and I like the way you tackle, but you really should learn to wear your shoulder pads higher, you know, around your shoulders."

Deciding against continuing in football, he lastly ventured onto the wrestling scene. Here his prowess really shone forth. He wrestled twenty consecutive matches in one day without getting pinned; in fact, no one on the team could pin Quasi. Eventually, he received his long-desired varsity letter in wrestling, placing him among the few elite on campus. He used to put on his varsity jacket and parade to the student center, the gym, chapel, classes, dining room, and even to the showers, purposely to show off his letter. But long desired

fame was short lived. The week after obtaining his letter he received a notice from the office of the Dean informing him that since he had failed First Aid, Fencing, Cow Punching, and Penmanship, he would have to discontinue his studies at Notre Dame.

That night in Quasi's room, a going away party was held to send off Quasi in an admirable fashion. All his former wrestling companions, with their varsity jackets, took time off from practice just to express their parting farewells. Even several top administrators came to the party. They were so sad to see Mr. Modo leave that they made him a proposition; he could remain with the wrestling team if he would work on the side. He flatly refused. However, he quickly reconsidered when he was told he would just be drafted into the foreign legion. So Quasi began his job of tower care-taker. Eventually he took over full responsibility for ringing the bells both day and night.

Not only did Quasi ring the church bells, but he even opened up a little store in the bell tower in which he sold varsity jackets. Through time this became known as the "Varsity Shop."

Bruce Catalano

What's New With Christopher?

Since our last article, the dust has settled and we have fallen into a steady groove. The B.P.'s played host to a farewell party for Brother Juan Dela Cruz, C.PP.S. Brother Juan, one of our Junion Brothers, left for South America this past month. He was the first Brother from Chile ever to be trained in America. His appointment opens the gates for future assignments promised by the Provincial. When Brother Juan left, he left many good friends and well wishers. Juan was the kind of fellow you couldn't help but admire once you got to know him. He is a leader, industrious, hardworking, and above all he is what the contemporary Brother should be.

Since we have mentioned Brother Juan, I think it would be appropriate to mention a Senior Brother who has been transferred from here to St. Charles. Besides being that which most people look at when they think of "Brother," Brother Larry Convery was more than dedicated, hardworking, and humble. Brother Larry had a deep spiritual core in him that you could not help but experience once you were around him very long. His exterior appearance was that of a hard working individual who had to take jobs, no matter how small, and transcend these jobs into a spiritual happening. This is what most Brothers do, contrary to popular belief. When St. Joseph's lost Brother Larry, they lost more than just a worker; they lost a real Brother.

Filling Brother Larry's job is a big task. So, to fill that job they have called on the biggest man around Bert Woolson. Bert took over as the new "boy" last week, and as everyone expected he is filling Brother Larry's shoes and then some. If you are reading this article Brother Larry, I want to let you know that Bert is taking good care of the horses; they ride him daily.

In other news briefs, the B.P.'s have made themselves a name as far as academics goes. It was learned through reliable sources that on a percentage basis, the B.P.'s had the highest accumulative index on campus last semester. Another first is the honor bestowed upon two Postulants, Ben Basile and John Rietschlin. These two lads were received into the National Honor Society, Delta Epsilon Sigma and the Freshman Honor Society, Phi Eta Sigma respectively. Congrats to both.

Skipping from academics to recreation, we find Jim Hoying winning the intra-hall pool tournament. Oddly enough, the tournament was started by Jim and, oddly enough, there was a three dollar prize going to the winner. Good hustling, Jim!

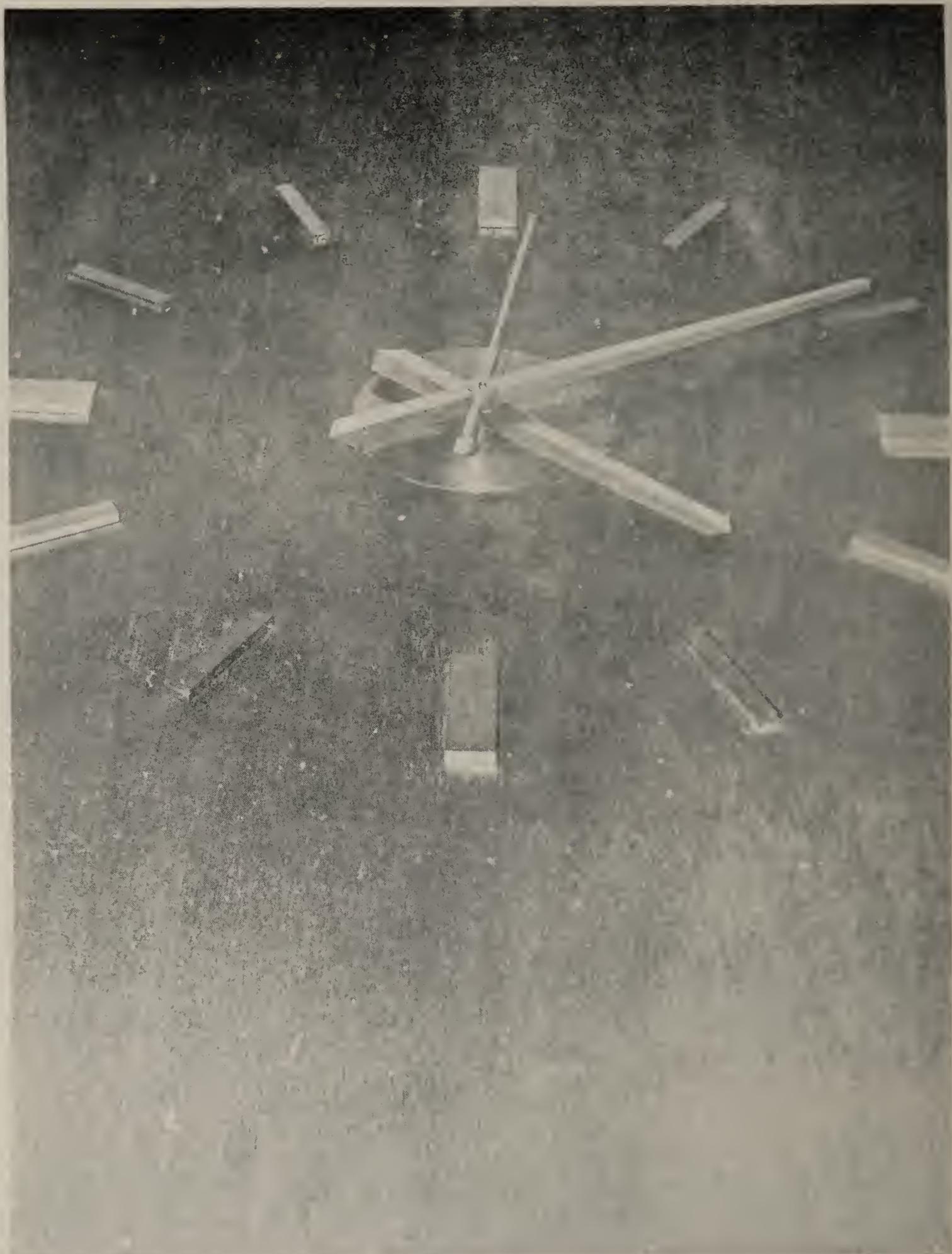
Well, until our next attempt, Happy Easter. And remember, he who counts his chickens before they hatch, often finds no bridges when he comes to them.

Dick Wise



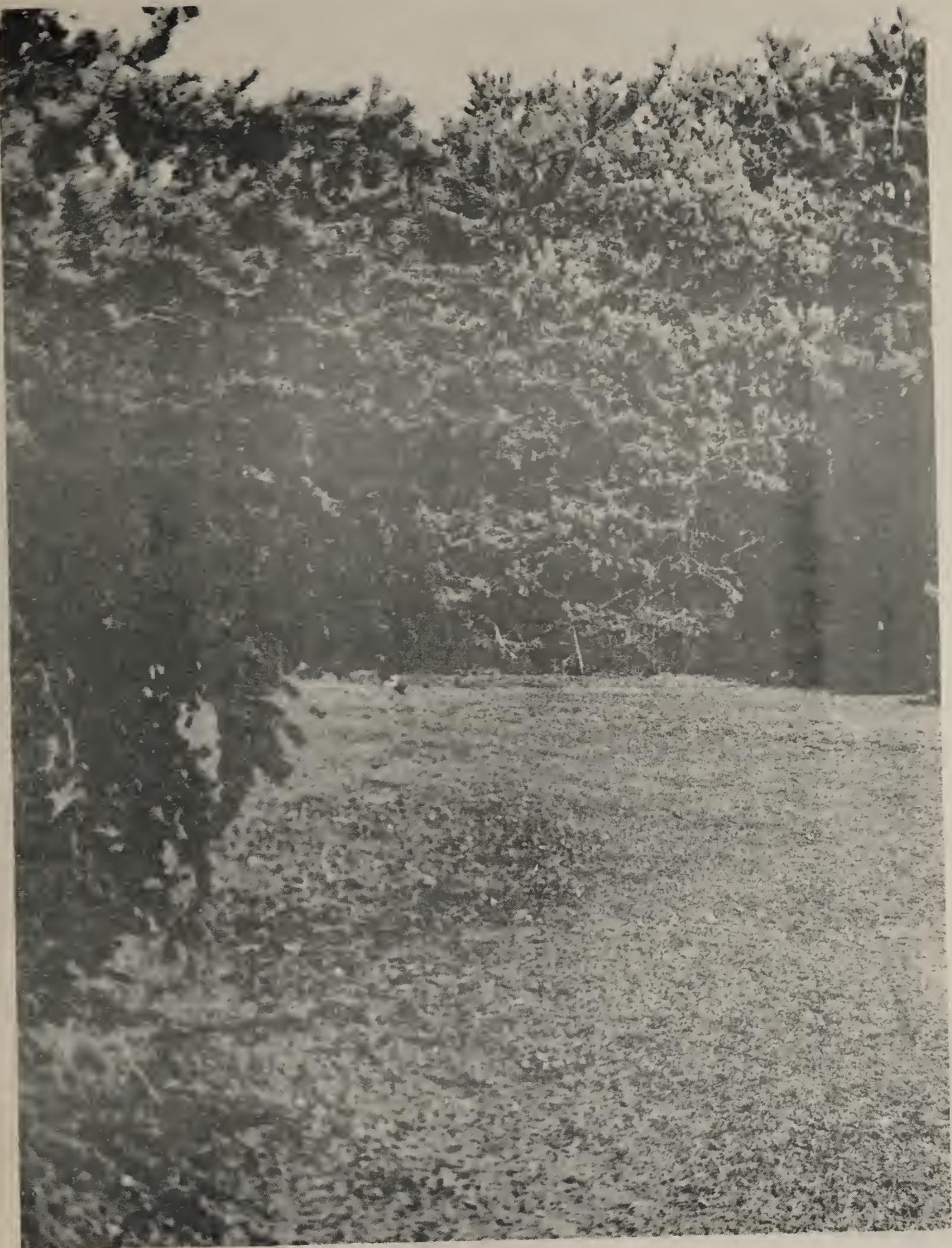
To Believe is to...

...to feel, to become enraptured in passionate, internal sensism. Thus, man grows and is absorbed into the everlasting Earth Spirit.



To believe is to...

...to accept the fact that the individual is part of a great clock - a machine assembled aeons ago, and left to run in a prefixed way. Thus, whatever is, is right.



To Believe is to...

,, , to worship the trees, the grass, the leaves, to see
God in all - indeed, he is all. Thus, man is constantly
in God, and God in man.



To Believe is to...

...to follow Christ, the savior of mankind, who has established a right way of living by which man attains eternal life. Thus, man lives in adoration of his God forever.

by Fred Hofstetter

SPORTS

by Jim Langenkamp

VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT

On the sports trail again, the Xavier Mongies are now pinning their hopes on the IM volleyball championship and with good reason. Captained by Mike Bornhorse, the first team has Lothamer, Malatesta, Pritz, Winter, Langenkamp and Kaiser as a strong supporting cast. This group possesses better than average height and the added experience of last year's championship team. With their methodic and systematic technique, the Mongies remain distinct favorites to retain their championship crown.

Volleyball has always provided ample enthusiasm and an array of participants in Mongieville. This year is hardly an exception as Xavier supports eight teams of diverse names and creeds.

An illustrious team of brains and brawn, known as the Xavier Gurus, or Intellectuals, are headed by Craig, Stechschulte, and Nett. Unfortunately, it was not mind over matter this time, as the Gurus have already been eliminated from competition.

The Tons of Fun, which averages slightly over 200 pounds, has been the bolt out of the blue thus far. They have two wins and only one defeat.



Both the Gingles and the 4-D's lost their initial battle, but have since salvaged a pair of victories. Both teams remain in the tournament tussle. Not so fortunate were the Xavier Jokers and Apes. They were both uprooted in early round decisions.

The Xavier Gashmen could denote a splash of IM points. This team provides a balanced combination of size and agility, and continues unmarred by defeat. The Gashmen must be considered strong contenders along with the tenacious Schwieterman Super-Mongies.

Thanks to all who joined the volleyball competition. Your time and effort is appreciated. JCL

AN AMERICAN DREAM

• • • Refugee Wins Trophy

Chuck Graupera is Xavier's only division champion in IM wrestling action. Actually, Xavier was assured of a victory in this bracket, since it was composed only of Mongies. Dan Kirwan battled Chuck in the finals, and the margin of victory was a slim two points. Congratulations!, "Fidel."

Jim Field, wrestling in the toughest division, was defeated in the championship bout. Unfortunately this was the second consecutive year that Jim reached the finals only to be overthrown. Jim is clearly a fine wrestler and no one can doubt his determination and seriousness on the mat.

One of the most pleasant surprises of all was the performance of Dave "Fats" Hagan. Dave fought in the heavyweight division and he too finished in the bridesmaid's spot. His opponent pinned every foe, but failed in two efforts to do so with Dave.

Wrestling is probably one of the most unpopular and disliked sports in IM's. This is not so because of its brutality or the like, but simply because it takes a lot of real honest work. Xavier participants nearly doubled all other entries combined, and these Mongies should be thanked for their real honest work. JCL

IT'S HERE + IT'S COMING

Boy-O-Day! Wow it's spring already! Would you believe the tail end of winter? Anyway, prepare yourself for an exciting and unusual spring. After Easter, it's all downhill and the sap will be rising high, HIGH, HIGH.

Everyone talks about spring, and everyone likes to participate in light-hearted (but sometimes bitter) arguments and battles as to when the first flower will bloom or the last snow fall. There's a tension in the air felt by all until the weather proves once and for all that winter is gone forever (or at least until next November). Sign language is given to books more than ever. The brave venture out with bermudas and overcoats. Shades are restored to classroom windows in order to keep the bright spring sun out and students' eyes and minds in.

It's very interesting to notice the change in spirit as summer approaches. Some of one's worst enemies don't seem half so bad as before, and some of the worst profs turn into good guys as the end of the school year approaches. Sometimes I wonder if the weather has anything to do with Christian living.

Walking around campus on the first few warm days of the year can be treacherous, though. Along with letting the warm, fresh air into campus halls comes the necessity to drive out the stale, five-month old air. Wow! What's the percentage of air pollution in Spring?

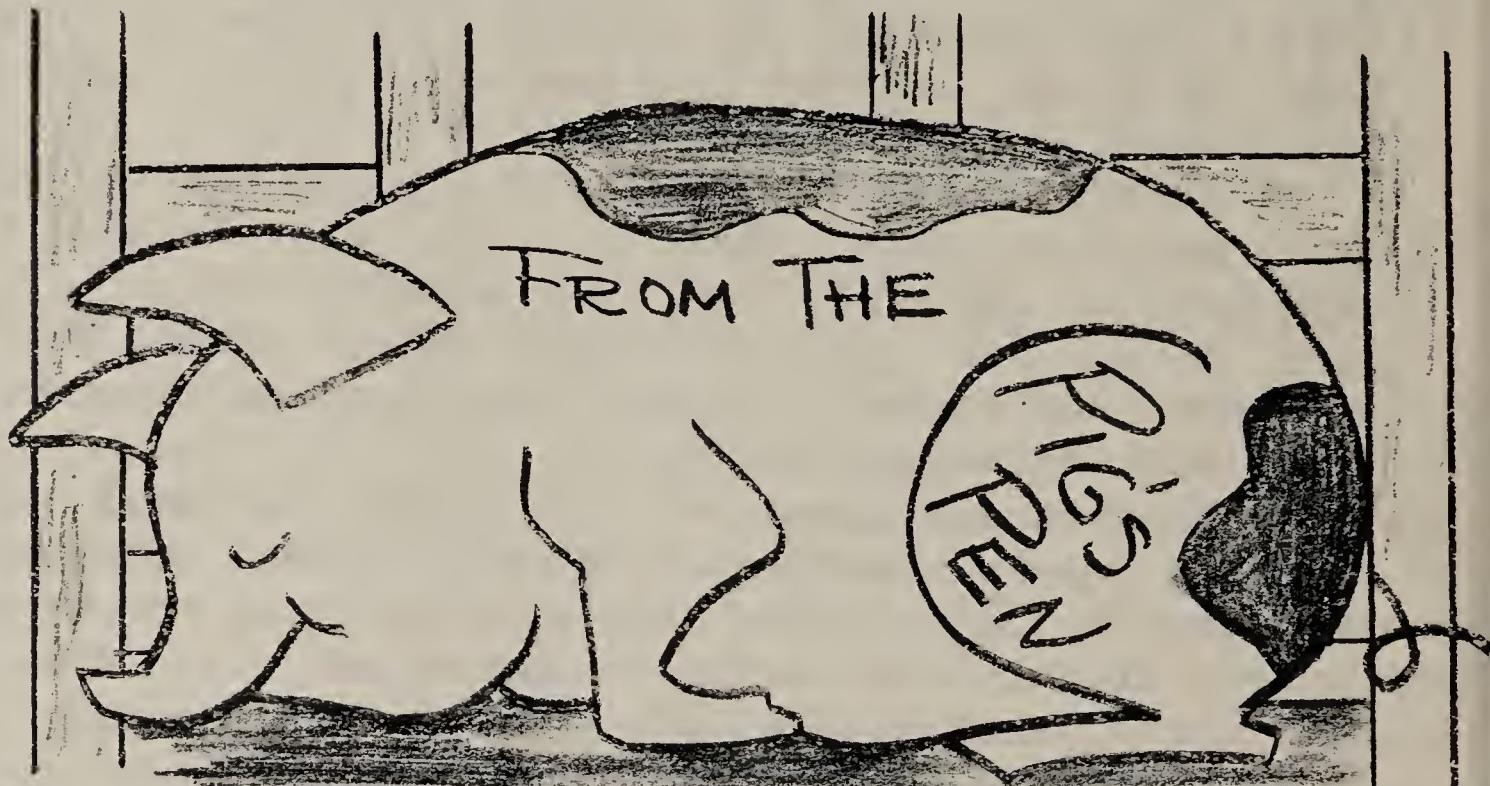
While I'm on the subject of spring, I might as well prepare the 5th year class for spending the summer here on campus. Naturally there's a lot of skepticism as to how "cool a summer at St. Joe's could be. Well, it's probably not half so bad as you might think. Work makes up the greater part of the summer, but then you would be working at home, too. I'm sure the money factor is of no concern to most. (hah!) I can't really say right now what the working hours will be, but in the past they were six hours a day, six days a week with one afternoon free. Those taking summer courses unfortunately miss out on some work, but the rest work extra hard to make up for it. I can't say yet what the policy will be on summer classes for Xavierites, but in the past those wishing to take a course or two were usually granted permission.

The gravel pit is by far the most popular spot on campus during the hot summer months. The swimming is almost ideal, and the Xavier park is right there for softball or swinging on the swingset for those who get a little too much sun. We're planning a sandbox for those who really get an excessive amount of sun.

Softball is a day and night summer sport, even without lights. If you didn't play softball before, you surely will by the end of the summer.

Well, that's a little info on coming events. All I want to do is convince you that a Renssletuck summer isn't as bad as it might seem now. Some veterans enjoyed the summer very much, and others said they didn't mind it. Judge for yourselves when the summer rolls around.

J. Schmidt



Here it is, time to get out into the fresh spring air and get another Pig's Pen ready to go to press. We would have been on time but our editor, Pete O'King took the wrong steps in curbing our tardiness. He enlisted the services of John "Smoke In YOUR Face" Hohman to help him find a 4-leaf clover and hex us. Since neither Pete nor John

is able to count that high, they didn't find any with more than two leaves????

Everyone in the hall seems to be backing different candidates for president. We have found some rather strange ones being supported by our men. Waymire is backing Nixon AGAIN. Steckie is "All the Way With Martin Luther K."

Steve Nett said that the candidate of his choice must be well mannered in the art of public speaking. This can only mean that he

has entered the race as a member of the N.O.F. (i.e. Notorious Orators' Faction) Of course, Graupera is leaning toward Castro.

* * * * *

ORCHIDS

What is a nice, society-orientated article such as "Pig's Pen" without a congratulatory story? Well, this time we have a real winner. Orchids to Stephen Nett on his recent victory at Terre Haute, Indiana in a college speech tournament. Steve actually didn't win, but came in third place in a field of seven senior speech majors. As Steve pulled up in back of the Hall the other night in the battered Trapper's car, a P.P. reporter was there to get the dope from the man himself.

Pig: Well, Steve, how did you do?

Steve: Not bad for a freshman philosophy, English, psychology, and theology major up against stiff competition with senior speech majors!!!

Pig: What did you place?

Steve: Third, but I would like to say something about that.

Pig: Go right ahead. I'm sure this should be interesting.

Steve: The other two who finished in front of me were just fine, but I was better. The judges were, of course, prejudiced. MY style was definitely better, since I build up to an explosive ending with feeling. It demands approval from all listeners. My speech was tinted with the right amount of verbalisms, quaint expressions, and of course, my personality.

Pig: Yes, well thank you Steve, we now understand.

Glazier is really "IN." Since he's been taking Ballet 40 under the guidance of Nuryev Kaiser, he has been living in the bishop's room. Dan is either very embarrassed about it or he is hiding from all his fans. He is scheduled to appear in the SJC Fine Arts Series in the classic, THE ANKLE WRACKER SUITE.

Wouldn't it be nice if.....

" " " King (PULSE ed.), Malatesta & Co. could maintain a slight degree of reservation on their pre-puberty outbursts in studyhall during exam week?

" " Stecky would only study five minutes for Metaphysics like he tells everyone else to do?

" " Henderson turned as white as a ghost?

" " F. Brinkman had a red nose to match his red face? (OH? he does, does he? hmm)

" " Catalano took laugh therapy?

" " Langenkamp used the Xavier Hall connotation of "J.B." at the right time and place?

" " Elliott would use more tasteful expressions?

" " I wasn't so darn bitter? (Ed's Note: It sure would!)

Secular student Paul Barrientos excellently performed the lead role in the C.P. production, THE BOOR. He did quite a bit of his practicing in and around Xavier Hall.

Jim Field is the only person in the hall who has a tongue so long he has a spin-cast reel in his cheek. This unique lingual projection can reach all the way to Dwenger Health Center.

HOW SWEET IT IS!!!

Davie Kroger, commuter a la Dwenger Hall, was recently seen in the Hall over the past few days. No, Davie hasn't initiated a new program, it was only quarter exam time. But once again, as the tests are behind us and many of the sixth years are wondering "What BEING really is," the cry is heard once more throughout the halls of Xavier: "Where's Dave?!!"

Hey, George! WE really enjoyed your show at Benediction the other week. Everyone thought God was telling us that the song was not on the schedule. That was the first night many of us realized where we were at 6:30.

Carlos Graupera has been planning to hijack the next plane to leave the Jasper County Airport. He is still

waiting patiently after six weeks. Cheer up, Chuck! Craig has a tea plane from China bringing in supplies for his next Smoke-In.

Our movie critic, Mike Walro, has given his seal

of approval to Walt Disney's Jungle Book. He saw the movie twice just to be sure that there were no scenes which might corrupt our spiritual and mental lives.

WANTED.....

Mike Bornhorst - a starting place on the football team.

Jim Dumminger - a lawyer and bondsman to help him with his charging the Rensseltucky Police with brutality.

James Greer - a permanent work assignment and some real friends.

Pete King - our column in on time.

Xada Schmidt - profit in the "X."

Lorenzo and Fortman - the answers to all their questions.

Hicks - a winning team.

Kanaby - a college with a major in wood craft.

Ballmann - something to paint.

Hartway - Lorenzo for a roommate.

At the end of another heart-grabbing article, there just isn't too much more that can be said. One question, though, to the Novi guys. How is it that your Gasparian writer, you-

know-who, gets his name in there so often? Isn't Vic just as important as the Novi dog? Until our next meeting, "Buy a Ford."

Ed Feicht
and Mike Smith

* * * * *

FROM OUR WIRE SERVICES...

We've been notified recently that a Hall of Fame is being erected in Mercer County, Ohio, called T.H.E. Cat Hall of Fame. Reliable sources say that the charter member of this "hall" will be a person by the name of Jude Brown.

The PULSE staff wishes you the best of luck in this weighty endeavor.

Not long after the retreat Jim Field and Mike Smith picked Glazier, Catalano, Nett and Monastyrski from the two classes to work with them as the Novi Committee. We had to find out Xavier Hall's opinions on the novitiate and send them to The Gasparian in time for the Business Chapter, where the society plans to make some temporary decisions on its future. When we got together we discussed our own views of novitiate as a starting point, and then formed plans for questionnaires, for consulting the Major Mongies, and for finally writing a summary of the results. When we got the first questionnaire back we had a long, interesting talk in Tom Hemm's conference room with six or seven of the Major Mongies. Hearing about our concern over Novi they had decided to write a lengthy argument for it on their own, and when we discussed its contents with them, the committee decided that Xavier probably wouldn't need its own paper. Theirs seemed to say what the majority in Xavier felt, according to the questionnaire, so we counted on sending a simple letter of endorsement from the hall to accompany their statement. But to make sure we knew how the majority in Xavier really stood, we arranged for the Mongie-Major Mongie discussion in the rec-room, and it was followed by the second, more objective questionnaire.

After this we wrote the letter of endorsement, but before we sent it, Mike Smith wrote to Fr. Behen, novice master at St. Mary's. Father answered urging that the hall send a statement of its own instead of the endorsement. So a few days later the committee met for the last time to state in a letter the reasons why the majority in Xavier Hall want a novitiate, and want it as it is now, after two years of college. It was decided at a hall meeting that the minority who disagree should write a separate letter. The majority letter was posted for the hall to check, and then sent to Fr. Kelly of The Gasparian. Mike Craig prepared a minority letter and this we also sent to The Gasparian.

Dave Monastyrski

THOUGHTS ON PRIESTLY CELIBACY

Although I realize that priestly celibacy is not on its way out, I sat down the other day and mulled over a particular musing in my somewhat phantasmic mind.

What if priestly celibacy were dropped? What results would immediately take effect? What would be the long-range scope of a non-celebate state?

The first result of non-celebacy would be the "Charge of the Women's Maiden Corps." You would see the ramming of a number of parish rectories by those dames who wish to become acquainted with an eligible bachelor. Old ladies look upon most priests as what their boys should have been, and young lasses think, "Oh, what a waste of fine manhood that I could have had!"

On the opposite side of the ledger, imagine a young priest telling his pastor on Saturday night, "I'm sorry, chief Padre, but I've got a date tonight. I just haven't the time to hear confessions." Or perhaps telling another young priest, "Man, I just got in in time this morning to say the five o'clock Mass!"

A whole world of new gossip would be opened up in the parish among the scandal-mongers. We'll hear such juicy tidbits as "I heard from Bessie, who heard from Mable, that Father Casanova was seen with Juliet Hangover at Clyde's jewelry store last night. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if they get hooked up." And seven women later you'll hear that the ring he bought was three-quarter carat.

"Woe be to those who open their big fat mouths--for their tongues will be cut off and served on silver platters to the deaf and dumb!" --Hicks, Chapter 1, verse 1.

Let us not dwell on the immediate results of non-celebate priesthood through this entire article, but rather let us probe into the baffling elements of the future. Project yourself ten years hence. Father Casanova has been married eight years and we see in the first pew nearest the altar his wife Jane (Aha--didn't marry Juliet, did he?) and four little darling monsters acting naturally as children would act--acting up! His sermon deals upon happiness in the married life, when, in the back of his mind is the knowledge that the night before the kids tore his breviary into bits and his wife bought a new dress at a phenomenally outrageous price.

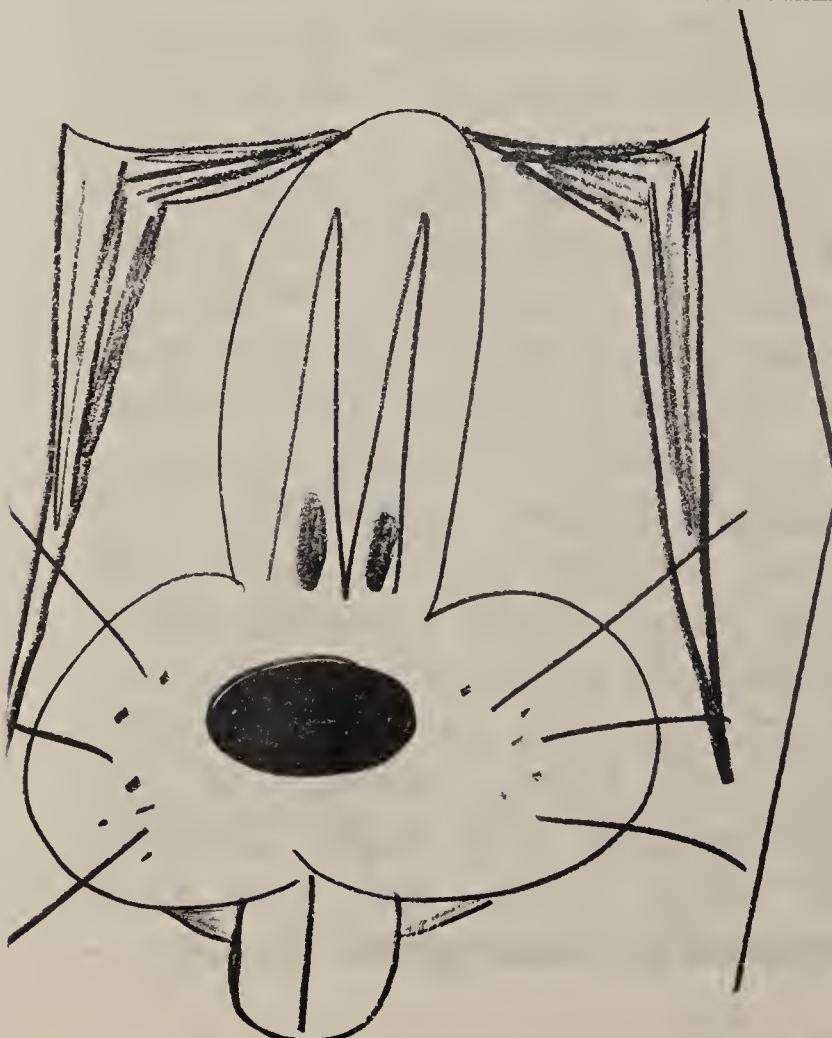
(Priestly Celibacy, Cont.)

During the course of a Mass, the lights go off, and he remembers that he gave his wife the money to pay the electric bill. "Now why didn't she do it!?" Or perhaps during confession, a sweet little voice whispers, "Bless me, daddy, for I let the air out of the tires on your car--again."

You can just imagine that this man of God (and a creature of nature upon marriage) is turning myriad hues in the face, his forehead in contortion, his hands wringing in utter despair. He knows well that he is giving absolution to his child and he is conscious of the fact that the secrecy of confession will further impede him from using a switch on the kid.

I have failed to mention other less humorous facets of a married priest. Such items as birth-control problems, doctor bills, grocery bills, National Association of Married Priests dues (A new organization of course,) and numerous other overwhelming obligations. All this, it must be kept in mind, should be subordinate to the responsibility of a priest--that of leading souls to God. Necessarily, then, it follows that a married priest, regardless of what others may say, still owes his entire life to the work of God, for God's sake, and people.

Mike Hicks



WABBITS
WRITE
PULSE -
Why not
you?
PULSE
XAVIER HALL
SJC
RENSSELAER
IND. 47918

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE CLASSICS

I. The Sixth Year Hall

---"Dang that Father Kuhns! He always picks the hardest passages to take in class."

---"Hey, Stan. How do you translate all these 'oti' clauses?"

---"Gauld, King! You sure are simple! This Greek is easy. I just wish Father Kuhns would speed up in Latin: I'm tired of reading ahead."

---"For once you're making sense, Ballmann. I've told you guys all along that this stuff reads like English. If you would stop griping and start studying, you might get somewhere. -- Hey! Why didn't you tell me what time it was? I gotta feed the horses."

---"Yep, yep, sure do, gotta feed the horses, uh huh, uh huh. Sure, Bill."

---"Look out! Who turned Brown on? Somebody find the off button."



II. Later that evening, as Father Kuhns and Jim Ballmann wait for Stechschulte in Father's room

---"I wish Bill would hurry up and get here, Father. I hate the way he always makes us wait, but these secret meetings just would not be successful without his genius and originality."

---"You're right, Jim. We have Father Pax and the Brunnerville latin department to fool them when they're young, but the task becomes so much harder when the students pass on to college and begin to think a little. So far only you and Bill have discovered the reality behind

the facade. Latin and Greek are languages invented, not adopted, by the Church for the testing and discipline of her seminarians. Because you and Bill have discovered this, you have been allowed to share with me in the planning and execution of this task." ---Bang, Bang, di, Knock, Knock.--- "Oh, Hoy; Oh CENSORED, that must be Bill. Come in, Bill!"

"Hi, Father; Hi, Jim. Now let's see what we can arrange for tomorrow's class."



Thus these perennial plotters progressed through their nightly toil, perfecting their ways of torturing seminarians. But little did this triumverate realize that not far away others were planning a violent end for their reign of terror. Under the leadership of KMC (King



Malatesta and Catalano), the sixth years had determined upon a most desperate and perilous course of action.

The magnitude of the situation forced them to call on their ultimate weapon, that Achilles of the Arian race and proverbial righter of wrongs, the Chopper, known to the campus IBM as Mike Bornhorst, son of Ralph. Secretly parading as a mild mannered math-physics major at a small Mid-Western college, Mike fights a never-ending battle for truth and justice in a brutally physical way. They approached the Chopper. The sign on his door read:

T.H.E. CHOPPER

EQUALIZING AGENCY

"You accuse 'em; I abuse 'em."

Mike Bornhorst, prop.

They unfolded their plan to the famed Hatchet man and set the date for his action: Greek class the next day, the same class which Bill, Jim and Father Kuhns were now plotting.

III. Greek Class

---"Te, Hee, Hee. Let's see what's here today---J.B.---T.B.---Craig is missing---Oh, where is J.F.---Boy, he is really getting to be a misser.---Pete---J.L.---Stanley---Steck and Wint--- Oh, where is Henry? I'm going to kill that guy. Hey, Jerry, quit looking out the window! O.K. Let's see, where did we leave off? Page 56.---How about you, Kennethbrink?---Oh, Ken isn't here today.---How abcut you, John Hohm on the range? Come on, John. Give 'er a bloody go, Watch your accents. And stop saying 'Ah' between each word."



---"Ah, ah, ah, yourself," retorted John. "Senilis sum et loqui non volo! Get him, Chopper."

Violence erupted suddenly. Crashing through the rows of desks, the McCartyville Masher made a lunge worthy of the most ferocious Puma defenseeman at the cassocked figure. But Fr. Kuhns merely skipped to his left and avoided the snarling monster. Slam! Wham! Bang! The misguided muscleman smashed violently into the wall. Before he could recover, Fr. Kuhns picked him up by his navy blue sweat pants and hurled him into the corner waste basket with a vicious hook shot.

The rest of the class stood aghast wondering what the karate-classicist would do next. Fr. Kuhns began to speak:

"I've been expecting this for a long time. There comes a time in every seminarian's training when he either dies from the agony of the so-called classics or strikes back against them. I'm glad to see you are fighting back. It shows you have spunk. Now let me tell you a little secret. Homer, Cicero, and all the other writers of the classics were real people, who never spoke a word of Latin or Greek.

The Greek alphabet is simply the semi-successful attempt of an eighth century monk for universal phonetic precision. Latin represents an attempt of a group of Polish nuns at universal language. There, you have it in a nutshell----but please don't judge me harshly for it. Think deeply and be honest with yourselves. Haven't Latin and Greek made you better thinkers? You may wonder how I could stand to teach such



a tenacious discipline, except out of pure sadism. That isn't what keeps me going. Rather it's the wondrous power of being able to mold boys into men, who, when they have completed their journey through the classics, are better able to cope with the struggles of life. Think it over; isn't this true? Alright, I have revealed my secret to you. Now you must

help me keep it. For if news of this hoax ever filtered down to the younger seminarians, they would use it as a cause for revolt and refuse the classics all together. Well, men, what do you say? Help me keep it from them until they're ready for it."



The sixth years looked at one another in disbelief. It was true that the classics had indeed made them better individuals. Shortly they came to an agreement. They would keep the secret from their posterity.

Fr. Kuhns thanked the troops for their wise decisions and then called off class early so that the sixth years would have time to nurse their valiant but defeated Chopper back to health for that afternoon's football practice.

Thus, once again, Rev. Clement Kuhns saved the day for Holy Mother, the Church. And, as Cicero would have said, had he known Latin: "Dignum et justum est."

by T.P. Brown

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We wish to thank Father Spanbauer and Brother Philip for the generous loan of their equipment without which this publication would not be possible. Acknowledgements are also due everyone who helps in the typing, proof reading, folding and stapling of PULSE.

Easter: the Essence of Christianity

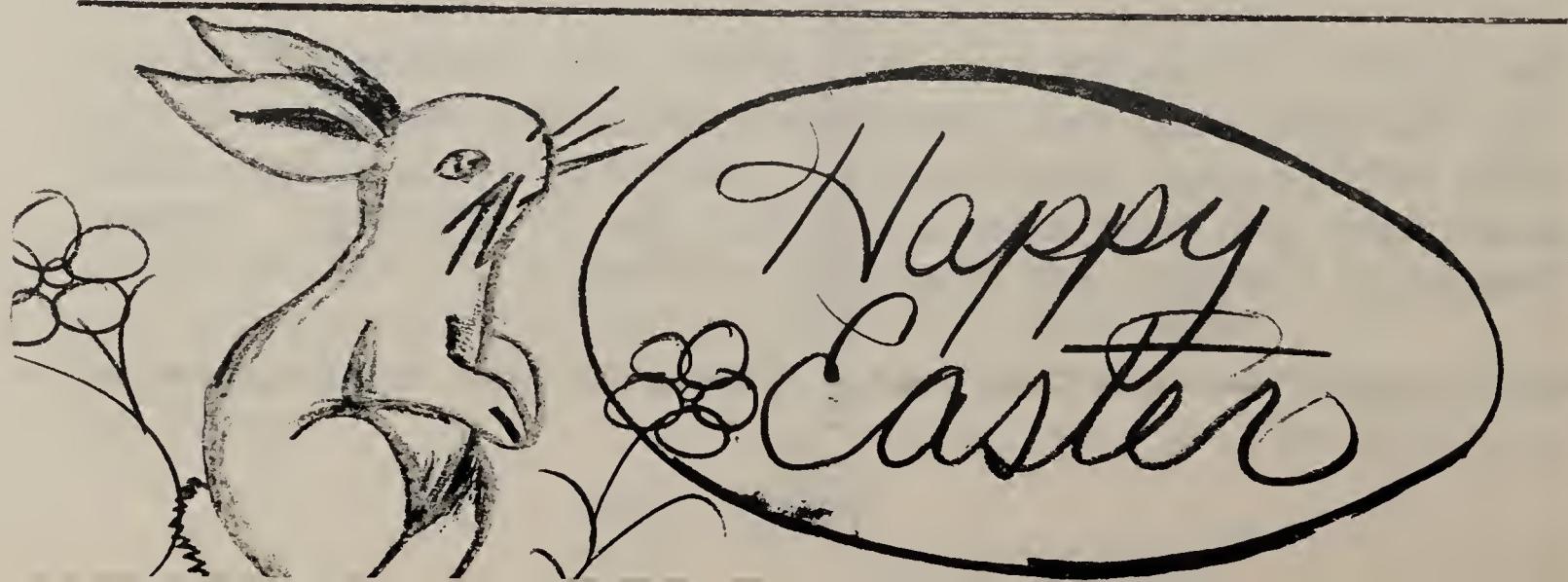
Easter is a convergence of three traditions; Pagan, Hebrew and Christian. Pagans celebrated Easter as a festival of spring when nature is in resurrection after winter. To the Hebrews, Easter commemorated the "passing over" of their dwellings by the angel of death, so sparing their first-born. To us Christians, Easter is the Risen Christ.

Christ, as a God-man, made Himself subject to our limitations; to discomfort, poverty, hunger, thirst and pain. This made Him like unto man. The Resurrection made Him like unto God. He overcame even death and came back to the world bringing it life, peace and joy. By dying and rising again, He transfigured our humanity, with all its wretchedness and ugliness, into a beautiful living state filled with His joy.

The Resurrection of Christ gave meaning to His death and crucifixion. It made His passion and death worthwhile and to much avail. Without the Resurrection Christ would have been a failure in everyone's eyes, even his disciples. As it was, the Resurrection was the "topping on the cake." He truly did "destroy the temple and rebuilt it in three days."

He came back as spring comes back out of the ground reviving the earth, that we may continue to renew one another's life in His love. We are the resurrection going on always, always giving back Christ's life to the world.

In conclusion I'd just like to wish you and yours a very Happy Easter and to say "hi" to Dad, Mom, Greg and Jeff.
Jerry Schiek



Bro. Phil



"A Mans
Best
Friend"

If Copernicus could dare to hypothesize that the earth revolves around the sun rather than vice versa, it might be ventured that the St. Joseph's College community revolves around the office of printing and mailing (processing office) --at least to a certain extent. And at the head of this multi-room spread in the basement of the administration building is Bro. Philip R. Buhrman, C.PP.S., who just celebrated 25 years of service as a Brother of the Society of the Precious Blood in 1966.

Bro. Philip has been co-ordinating activities in the processing office only since 1960. Prior to that, from his entrance into the community until 1958, he was employed primarily with library work at St. Charles Seminary, Brunnerdale, and St. Joseph's. But while at St. Joe's, he's also tested his skill in various other fields: as secretary to the

Director of Admissions, assistant in the tailor shop, and, for six weeks, caretaker of athletic equipment in the fieldhouse.

His work in the processing office is to take care of the mailing and printing needs of other offices and departments on campus, and that entails many different day-to-day duties. One of these is the operation of the mimeograph, duplicator, addressograph, and other machines. His office is responsible for mailing such items as Stuff, Contact, Parents' Magazine, and C.PP.S. Today, a sizable amount of alumni correspondence, and other occasional form letters. All this requires the keeping up-to-date of a file of more than 10,000 addresses.

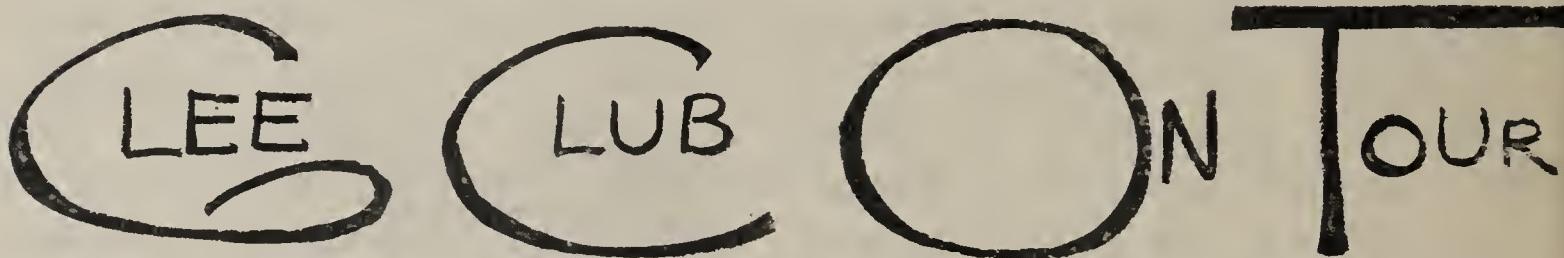


In addition to this job, Bro. Philip has been continuing his education and teaching a 7th and 8th grade C.C.D. class in nearby Remington. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree in English-journalism in 1966, and has presently completed requirements for a Bachelor of Arts degree in theology. Despite these activities, Bro. Philip can often be seen bicycling

with his little dog Tippy Toes.

When asked for any profound parting thoughts, he uttered several of his more well-known: "Work!" (spoken to employees); "C. I. A.," meaning cash in advance, his financial policy (spoken to potential business associates); and "Communicate!" (spoken to everyone)

Pete Shea



The long weekend presented an opportunity for the St. Joseph's College Glee Club to go on one of their many annual tours. It began on March 10 with an evening concert at Lafayette Central High School. The following morning we left by Indiana Motor Bus for the great state of Ohio where we sang for members of the Wapakoneta St. Joseph's High School, St. Charles' Seminary and the Ursuline Girl's Academy at St. Martin's. Even though I am from Michigan, it would be only proper to commend the Buckeyes for their tremendous spirit at choral concerts. I must say we had our hands full pounding off all those adolescent high school girls. Dave Kroger just couldn't stop signing autographs.

The most trying part of the tour was our return trip home. With "Crash" Hofstetter and his 1956 Dodge Limousine; D. Kroger, J. Hoying, G. Montana (future B.P.) and yours truly managed to get lost in Cincinnati periled by a snow storm. But, as usual, "Fritz" pulled through this problem successfully and got us home by 5:15 Teusday morning.

Our next tour is European bound. We leave on July 29 with Alverno Girl's College of Milwaukee for a three week singing extravaganza in Britain, France, and the Netherlands. See you in Paris!

G. Gile Blackney

Coming Soon

April 10-17: Easter Resess
May 1: Feast of Saint
 Joseph the Worker:
 No Classes
May 3,4,5: Columbian Play-
 ers Production
May 12: Mother's Day
May 23: Feast of Ascension:
 No Classes
May 25: Final day of
 classes, 2nd sem.

In the Next Issue

A history of the past two
years in Xavier Hall

A report on the Business
Chapter, C.P.P.S

A report on the Little 500

Plus: One last big edi-
torial

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me,
 far from my prayer, from the words of my cry?
O my God, I cry out by day, and you answer not;
 by night, and there is no relief for me.
Yet you are enthroned in the holy place,
 O glory of Israel!
In you our fathers trusted;
 they trusted and you delivered them.

from Psalm 21

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